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# ESSAY

TOWARDS A

## TRANSLATION

OF

### HOMER'S WORKS,

<sup>R</sup>  
In BLANK VERSE,

With NOTES

By JOSEPH NICOL SCOTT, M. D.

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— *Quæ, si propius stes,*  
*Te capiat magis* —

H O R.

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L O N D O N :

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E S S A Y

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WITH NOTES

BY JOSEPH NICOL SCOTT, M.D.

Hor.

LONDON:



MIDOLN.

AN ESSAY  
ON  
HOME.

*The Pestilence inflicted on the Grecian Camp by Apollo.*

*Iliad, Book I. Line 43. POPE's Version, Lin. 61.*

THIS heard, and from *Olympus'* Height the God  
Descended; on his Shoulders hung his Bow,  
And Quiver with sharp-pointed Arrows stor'd  
Loud-rattling at each Step; at each they gave  
Dread Signal of th' approaching Ills prepar'd  
In their great Master's Wrath. He onward came  
Gloomy as Night! And now the Fleet in view,  
Down sits He; and th' unerring Shaft dismiss'd.  
Dire was the Twang of that firm Silver Bow.  
Beneath his Arm the swift-pac'd Dogs and Mules  
First fell. At length a deadlier Dart He drew



Pregnant with Woes; ' the Men it struck, and fill'd  
 With funeral *Pyres*, that ever flam'd, the Sky.  
 Nine Days th' impetuous Weapons of the God  
 Sped thro' the Camp. <sup>2</sup> *Achilles* on the tenth  
 (So Heaven's chief Goddess anxious for the Fate  
 Of bleeding *Greece* inspir'd that Heroe's Mind)  
 To Council call'd the Troops; then in the midst  
 He rose, and thus his publick Cares express'd.

15

\* — *the Men it struck*] 'Tis the Pestilence, which our Author means, and yet He forbears to name it. Not one Word in *Homer* of *Disease* or *Infection*, when describing an incensed Deity descending with his Bow and Quiver, and dispersing his Arrows thro' the *Grecian* Camp. Thus He preserves the Poetic Allegory unmixt and pure, and pays the Compliment to his Reader of entering Himself into the Fact or Moral couch'd under it. And whereas *Eustathius* accounts for the Infection beginning with the *Cattle*, partly from the Quickness of their Scent, and partly from their prone Position towards the Earth, (from whence he supposes the Air to have been first infected) this reminds me of a Remark made by the late Dr. *Mead*, in his *Monita & Præcepta Medica*; where, treating of Epidemic Diseases, he says, "their Causes arise chiefly out of the Earth," as *Lucretius* wisely said,

— *Putrorem humida nacta est  
 Impestivis pluviisque & Solibus icta.*

i. e. it contracts Corruption from Excess of Heat and Moisture. And by the Way, this Citation from *Lucretius* should seem to favour another Notion of *Eustathius*, viz. that by *Apollo's* Shafts is here meant the Sunbeams, suppos'd to draw the noxious Vapours out of the Ground. — Though after all I fear these Sentiments are somewhat too modern for *Homer's* Age, since how much soever *Apollo* and the *Sun* were in process of Time confounded together, in *Homer* they are constantly represented as distinct Deities. The true Key to our Author seems to be this: All sudden Deaths of Males were by the Ancients ascribed to *Apollo's* Shafts, as the like Deaths of Females were ascrib'd to *Diana's*. And the *Greeks* had the more Reason to suspect *Apollo* upon this Occasion, as He was known to be the (a) tutelary God of *Troy*, and accordingly must be suppos'd ready to embrace every Opportunity of annoying her Enemies. And I need not say, the late Insult offer'd to his Priest would be deem'd such.

<sup>2</sup> *Achilles on the tenth*] As our Poet is now introducing his Hero, 'tis worth observing with how much Address He has done it. I mean in such a Way, as has a natural Tendency to interest his Readers in his Behalf. 'Tis not the shrewd *Ulysses*, nor experienc'd *Nestor*, nor the supreme Commander Himself, but the Heaven-favour'd *Achilles*, who summons this Council; and as He summon'd it, He has accordingly the Honour of opening it. Upon the whole I do not know which most to admire, the Sublimity, or Conciseness of *Homer's* Descriptions: to both which if we add that easy and natural Order in which his Ideas flow, join'd with a certain unaffected but judicious Style which falls and rises as his Subject varies, we have here an Assemblage of Beauties; each of which must be carefully attended to by any Translator who proposes to do Justice to so masterly a Writer.

(a) See *Iliad*, Book XX. *lin.* 451. compared with Book VII. *lin.* 81—83.



*The Speech of Achilles, in which resenting the Wrong offer'd Him by Agamemnon, He vows to sheath his Sword: With the Speech of Nestor, when interposing between the two Chiefs.*

*Iliad, Book I. Lin. 223. POPE's Version, Lin. 295.*

ONCE more in form of harsh Reproach the Chief  
 Gor'd *Atreus's* Son, nor from his Wrath surceas'd.  
 " O Thou with Wine o'ercharg'd! who bear'st to View  
 ' A Dog's bold Eye; but with the Heart of Deer.  
 Say, when to head for open Fight the Troops,  
 ' Or mix in Ambush with the Prime of *Greece*  
 Hast Thou endur'd? ~~But~~ thy dastard Soul *finds death*  
~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> Danger, and each brave adventurous Deed.  
 Better belike safe-marching through the Camp  
 To fleece each *Greek*, that in full Council dares  
 Breathe Freedom and thy lordly Voice oppose.  
 Devourer of the Flock! — and but thy Reign  
 O'er Slaves extends, Slaves to the Scourge inur'd,  
 Patient of Wrongs: this, *this* had been thy last.  
 But mark what I arreed Thee, and my Speech  
 Shall with an Oath, that Princes binds, confirm.  
 For by this Scepter, which can ne'er put forth

' *A Dog's bold Eye*] His Design, says *Eustathius*, is to represent Him *θεῖον μὲν ὡς κύνα, δειλὸν δὲ ὡς ἄελον*, i. e. bold as a Dog, but timorous as a Deer.

' *Or mix in Ambush with the Prime*] The Ambuscade being a perillous Enterprize, we find the greatest Men in the Army generally undertaking it. Thus *Menelaus* and *Ulysses* commanded the Ambush placed before the Walls of *Troy*, *Odyss. Book 14. lin. 470.* And in the Wooden-Horse the main Body of the *Grecian* Princes were inclosed

— ὃν ἵκτε πάντες ἄριστοι  
 Ἀργείων Τρῳάσσι φόνον κ' ἐκράα φερόμεν.

*Odyss. Book 8. lin. 512.*

Green Leaf or Branch, ere since beneath the Axe  
<sup>3</sup> On the high Hills its sever'd Stock it left ;  
 But stript of all its Bark and Verdure round 20  
 Now by the Sons of Greece with State is borne  
 A sacred Badge! by Judges of Mankind  
 And Guardians of just Laws, deriv'd from *Jove*:  
 In this dread Form I swear, The Day will come  
 (Heav'n knows how soon) when fainting Greece shall miss 25  
*Achilles* from the Field ; nor find in Thee  
 (Maugre the Pangs that wring thy struggling Breast)  
 The least Relief ; <sup>4</sup> when by great *Hector's* Arm  
 Whole Troops, like Corn beneath the Reaper's Steel,  
 Bestrow the Plain — e'en let thy haughty Soul 30  
 Then chafe, half frantic in her Grief, to think  
 How the first Champion of the Host has shar'd  
 No Honour from thy worth-confounding Sway.  
 So spake the fiery Chief, and in his Wrath  
 Down to the Ground his Scepter threw with Studds 35  
 Of richest Gold adorn'd ; then all in Frowns

<sup>3</sup> *On the high Hills its sever'd Stock*] In the Original *trunk*, i. e. Stump, as *Hesychius* well explains it. Not the *Trunk* or main Body of the Sapling ; for that was converted into the Scepter itself, as appears still further by that Clause

—— “ which can ne'er put forth

Green Leaf or Branch ——

<sup>4</sup> *When by great Hector's Arm*] Thus our Poet prepares his Readers for all those great Exploits which this gallant Trojan should achieve in the Sequel of the Action ; and by this single Confession, which He puts into the Mouth of his chief Antagonist, has done more in two or three Words, than if (with some less judicious Writers) He had laid out twenty or thirty Lines in Description of *Hector's* Person. Well might *Horace* make that Reflection

—— *In medias res*

*Non secus ac notas Auditorem rapit* ——

His Seat resumes. To Him in Site oppos'd  
*Atrides* with like Heat intemperate glow'd.

<sup>5</sup> This seen, up-rush'd the *Pylian* Sage (such Zeal  
 And anxious Fears had rous'd the Patriot Heart,

<sup>6</sup> Of *Nestor* in persuasive Speech well-skill'd) 40  
 More Sweetness, than the Bee's sweet Nectar yields,  
 Flow'd from his Lips: Two Ages of Mankind  
 Roll'd off that venerable Head had seen;

<sup>5</sup> *This seen, uprush'd the Pylian Sage*] The Reflection which the learned Dr. *Samuel Clarke* makes on this Phraseology, deserves our Notice: "*Ut in re magnâ & periculosa non placide assurgentem facit, sed prorumpentem senem quoque.*" i. e. He does not represent him as calmly [or slowly] rising on so great and dangerous an Incident; but as *bursting* forth, notwithstanding his Years. The Doctor has given *Camerarius* the Honour of that Criticism; but I must observe, in Justice to the Greek *Scholiast*, that He has the Start of both. "Who would blame, says He, an aged Pilot for a *Hurry* of Motion, when the Vessel is in Danger?" And had not *Horace* the same in View?

——— *Nestor componere Lites*  
*Inter Peliden festinat & inter Atriden.*

<sup>6</sup> — *in persuasive Speech well-skill'd*] Before We enter on this Master-piece of Eloquence, which our Poet is about to give us, I'll beg Leave to premise two or three Remarks. It is worth observing with how much *Decency* our Author has here advanced from *Nestor's* Mouth his Superiority in point of Age and Experience. He assumes no *Airs* on this Occasion. Not one Word of his own Wisdom. He only affirms two or three uncontested Facts; that He had the Advantage in point of Years over either of the contending Chiefs; that He had acted in Concert with Heroes of former Times; and that with all their Preheminence above any in the present Age, they did not disdain to be advised by Him; and of Himself He says *modestly* enough, that when fighting by their Side, *καὶ μάχων κατ' ἐμάστοι ἐγὼ*, i. e. I exerted myself to the best of my Ability. But when portraying the *Prowess* of those ancient Heroes, He lays on Cost indeed: This being a Point of all others the most likely to impress his Audience. Here we have a Pomp of Diction, and the frequent *Return* of the same forceful *Sounds* upon the Ear;

*Καρτίοι μὲν κτεῖνοι ἐπιχθονίῳ Τρώϊν ἀνδρῶν.  
 Καρτί οἱ μὲν ἴσαν, καὶ καρτίοις ἐμάχοντο  
 Φησὶν ὁρσικλοῖσι —*

I need not add, that He refers in this Place to the Wars between the *Lapithæ* and the *Centaur*s; in which the former were assisted (as *Plutarch* tells us) by *Theseus* the *Athenian*. But after all there is another, and perhaps still greater Beauty in this Speech; I mean his frequent Transitions from one of the contending Parties to the other, like a Man endeavouring to fence in turn with both: To *Agamemnon*, *μὴδ' οὐ τοῖδ' —* To *Achilles*, *μὴδ' οὐ πῦλινδ' —* To *Agamemnon* again, *αὐτίδην οὐ δὲ πῦλιν —* and then returning back to *Achilles*, from whose Impetuosity of Temper He had most to fear, He breaks out into one of the finest Strokes of Oratory: He becomes no longer his Adviser but his Suppliant. And if it is a considerable Art in Persuasion to leave some agreeable Impression on the Hearer's Mind; sure nothing can be more so, than that high Encomium of *Achilles*, with which He concludes.



And both surviving; in the third He reign'd:  
 ' Who now, replete with *Wisdom*, thus began. 45  
 " Ah me! the Grief (to my presaging Thought  
 How deep?) which *Greece* thro' all her States invades!  
 While *Priam* with big Joy, and *Priam's* Sons,  
 Myriads besides subjected to his Sway  
 All-hail the News, (shou'd it once greet their Ear)  
 Of these crude Scenes, intestine Wars commenc'd  
 By Princes, of our Host the Prime, nor less  
 ' In *Council* than in *Fields* of Death renown'd!  
 Yet, O my Chiefs, let soft Persuasion calm  
 Find Entrance in your Breasts; whose Years with mine 55  
 Compare not; and with Heroes I have mixt  
 Greater than both; nor was by them disdain'd.  
 When shall these Eyes (good Heav'ns! how vain t' indulge  
 So fond a Wish) a new *Pirithöus* see?  
 Or Him, beneath whose Conduct Armies mov'd, 60  
 ' *Dryas* far-fam'd? *Cæneus*? and '° *Polypheme*  
 Matchless on Earth? the swift " *Exadius* force?

' *Who now replete with Wisdom*] *Hesychius* explains the Term here used by the Word *ᾠσιμας*, i. e. Wise or prudent; and our Poet manifestly uses it in the same Sense, when applying it to that Stratagem of War which *Thöas* advis'd, *Book* 15. *lin.* 285.

' *In Council than in Fields*] This double Compliment, which *Nestor* pays the contending Chiefs, shou'd not be overlook'd; and the rather, as it might be design'd to convey a tacit Rebuke of both for their Misbehaviour in their present Council.

' *Dryas far-fam'd*] This *Dryas*, as we are inform'd, was King of *Thrace*, and by our Poet's Representation of Him, seems to have commanded a much larger Body of Troops than any other of these Confederate Princes. He gives Him the same Title as He doth both to *Achilles* and *Hector*, when heading the respective Forces of *Greece* and *Troy*.

'° *Polypheme*] The *Polypheme* here mention'd, was a different Person (tho' of the same Name) from Him in the *Odyssey*, whose Eye *Ulysses* put out. He join'd afterwards the Flower of *Greece* in the *Argonautic Expedition*.

" *Exadius' force*] This Chief, according to *Eustathius*, was one of the *Lapithæ*; too considerable a Personage to be overlook'd by *Homer*, and after Him mention'd by *Hesiod* and *Ovid*.

12 Or *Theseus* like th'immortal Gods in fight?  
 These were the foremost of the Sons of Men,  
 Foremost in Might: and with the mightiest Race  
 Of Monsters in wild Mountain-thickets bred,  
 They strove, and with dread Feats of Arms o'er-threw.  
 Ask Ye my Fellows of the War? to these,  
 No less than these, from *Pylus* (not uncall'd,  
 Tho' far remote) I came; and by their Side  
 Exerting my best Nerves of Manhood fought.  
 Not the first Warrior of this Age with them  
 In Arms wou'd cope: Yet their high Spirits deign'd  
 To hear my Speech; them soft Persuasion sway'd,  
 And Counsel, which the noblest Minds subdues. 75  
 So Ye, since counsell'd for the best, my Chiefs,  
 Let milder Schemes prevail. 13 Nor Thou, in Worth  
 Yet unprov'd, rend from his Arms the Fair:  
 But leave untouch'd the public Gift of *Greece*,  
 14 Due to the Toils of her young Heroe's Spear. 80

12 Or *Theseus* like th'immortal Gods] Why does our Poet conclude this noble Period with that gallant *Athenian*? Was it to intimate that He was the greatest Heroe in the List? or by an Accuracy not unfamiliar to *Homer*, to intimate that He did not belong to the proper Body of the *Lapithæ*, but join'd them in the present War?

13 Nor Thou, in Worth] Our Author has not inform'd Us, in what Sense this Worth (or Goodness) shou'd be understood; whether it be of the moral, or political, or military Kind: But it shou'd seem most natural to understand it in the Sense oppos'd to those Reflections, which *Achilles* in his Anger had thrown out, and which *Nestor* in Effect removes.

14 Due to the Toils] I've here given the full Force of this ancient Term *νεμεσις*. The Grecian Government being of the Democratic Kind, part of the Spoils was divided amongst the Chiefs and Soldiery, and part by their joint Consent selected for another Use; I mean to do Honour by Way of Gift to military Worth and Prowess. And accordingly we find the Son of *Achilles*, upon the taking of *Troy*, had not only his Share of the Spoils in common with the rest; but also an honorary Gift from the Public, in consideration of his great Exploits, as *Ulysses* informs that Heroe's Shade in the other World,

Nor Thou, *Pelides*, with a King contend  
 Mark'd with distinguish'd Grace above the rest  
 Of scepter'd Hands by all disposing *Jove*.  
 Brave as Thou art, and of a Goddess born;  
 He shines superior, as in Pow'r He fills 85  
 An ampler Sphere than thine — O *Atreus*' Son,  
 Check your own Heat: Whilst I in humblest Form  
 Bow suppliant to the great *Achilles*' Name.  
 O may that Breast all Wrath resign; whose Might,  
 Like some vast Bulwark, stands between the *Greeks* 90  
 And the dire Sweep of *Mars*' destructive Rage.

*Helen invited by Iris to ascend the Walls of Troy.*

*Iliad, Book III. Lin. 121. POPE'S Version, Lin. 165.*

**I**RIS the while commission'd from the Skies  
 Bright *Helen* seeks; but first with Art divine  
 The Form of fair *Laodice* assumes;  
*Laodice* to great *Antenor*'s Son  
 By *Hymen* join'd, fairest of all the Nymphs 5  
 Sprung from the royal Source of *Priam*'s Loins.

[*It is the while*] This Episode for its Beauty has been universally admir'd. But 'tis not every Reader, that will discover the Judgment with which our Poet has introduced it; not in the Heat of Action; but when there was a Cessation of Arms, and to fill up, if I may so say, a Blank of Time; I mean while the Heralds on either Side were dispatch'd with their respective Orders to the Fleet and Town. Nor shou'd We overlook that Air of Gallantry, which the *Grecian* Bard has shewn upon this Occasion. The Question to be decided was, which of the two must be given up? the Cause of Beauty? or the public Good? Our Poet must have sin'd against his Art, and violated the Justness of Characters, had He not made the Privy-Counsellors of *Troy* declare in favour of the latter: But before He does it, He has put into their Lips one of the finest Panegyrics (in the Judgment of *Madam Dacier*) that was ever pass'd on Woman.



So chang'd, the Queen within the Dome she found;  
 Where on her ivory Loom intent she wove  
 A double Web; and o'er its radiant Field  
 Full many a hard, but glorious Strife inwrought  
 Of Greece and Troy; dread Toils, which both sustain'd  
 In her fam'd Cause beneath the Hands of Mars.

Close by her Side the Goddess stood and spake.  
 "Approach, dear Nymph; a wonderous Scene survey  
 Of yon vast Armies on the dusty Plain:  
 \* Who erst impatient for the Fight mov'd on  
 Laden with War, and Front to Front oppos'd:  
 But now, (all War dismiss'd) in Silence stand;  
 Each leaning on his Shield; by each his Spear  
 Fix'd on the Ground: While in bright Arms ensheath'd  
<sup>3</sup> Paris and Sparta's valiant King for thee  
 Shall combat; and the happy Victor claim  
 Henceforth thy long-disputed Charms his Prize.

So say'd, the Goddess in the Fair One's Breast

<sup>2</sup> Who erst impatient for the Fight mov'd on  
 Laden with War, &c.]

How fine a Contrast have we here between two Armies, one Moment ready for the Engagement, and the next exchange'd for the most unactive and pacific Posture. By this artful Manner, in which our Author diversifies his Draughts, He not only agreeably surprizes, but relieves the Mind; and by placing Pictures of so opposite a Cast near one another, makes each to appear in so much the stronger Point of View. I believe there is not a Book in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, but which may venture to be try'd by this Rule. And perhaps this is one Reason why *Homer's* Battles, if taken as *He* deliver'd them, never tire. He is so often shifting his Scenes, and surprizing us with new and unexpected Events. — Not to observe how he seldom describes any considerable Action without taking Care to interest his Readers in the Parties concern'd.

<sup>3</sup> Paris and Sparta's valiant King] *Iris* by this martial Character which she gives of *Menelaus*, is already preparing the Way for that Impression which she proposed to make upon *Helen* in his Favour. Not but our Poet might possibly have a further View; and which the Reader will easily assign, after having well consider'd the ensuing Action.

Breath'd soft and sweet Desires; which to her Mind 23  
 Her pristine Lord, her Country, and th'Embrace  
 Of Parents, all thrice-pleasing Forms! restor'd.  
 Forthwith a snow-white Veil around she cast,  
 And issuing thence let fall a gentle Tear;  
 Not unattended; of her menial Train 30  
 Fair *Clymenè*, and she from *Pittheus* sprung  
 The captive *Æthra* her light Steps pursue  
 Swift-leading to the Walls; where round the King  
*Lampus*, and *Clytius*, and *Thymetes* sat  
 High on the Tow'r, with *Hicetæon* once 35  
 A Branch of *Mars*! \* with *Panthöus*, and the two  
 For Wisdom fam'd beyond the rest of *Troy*,  
*Antenor* and *Ucalegon* — These o'er  
 The *Scaean* Gates, all Seniors of the Realm  
 Now sat, by Age disabled for the Field; 40  
 But in close Council, or assembled States  
 The milder Pow'rs of Eloquence display'd.  
 Like Grass-hoppers they seem'd, a feeble Race,  
 † Which on some Tree in Sylvan Shades retir'd,  
 Safe-perch'd from Danger all a Summer's Day 45  
 At Ease confer with sweetly-slender Voice.

\* — with *Panthöus*] This *Panthöus* (for such is his Name in *Homer*) was the Father of *Polydamas*, a Warrior fam'd for his Prudence in the *Iliad*; and who accordingly is styled *Panthöides* more than once by our Author; particularly *Book 14. lin. 453.* where he seems to value Himself on Account of his Descent from so great a Parent.

† Which on some Tree] Such is the Import of the Original; and this Situation of *Homer's* Insects shou'd not be overlook'd, for a Reason which I need not give. The present Situation of these Seniors on the Walls of *Troy* sufficiently explains it.

These, when they saw the matchless Fair advance,  
Their mutual Thoughts half-whispering thus express'd.

“ Censure be dumb, tho’ warlike *Greece* and We  
For this rich Prize sore Strife of Arms endure 50  
Full many a Day: no earthly Form she seems;  
But some celestial Goddess in our Eyes.  
Yet be the Dame, (howe’er divine her Charms,  
Port, Air, and Features) to the Seas resign’d;  
Before *our* Bane from this sweet Source upsprings, 55  
And to our *Seed* a long Entail of Woe.  
Precious of Ill so They in secret weigh’d  
The Worth of *Beauty* with the *Public* Weal.  
But the good *Priam* with a Father’s Love  
All hail’d the Nymph, and thus indulgent cry’d. 60

*The Engagement between Paris and Menelaus in single Fight.*

*Iliad, Book III. Lin. 340. POPE’S Version, Lin. 423.*

‘ **T**HUS on each Side the Champion-Chiefs array’d  
In martial Pomp, forth-issu’d with proud Step  
War breathing, and with hostile Looks severe

‘ *Thus on each Side*] As our Poet well knew his Readers wou’d greatly interest themselves in this Action, ’tis worth observing, with how much Accuracy He enters into every Circumstance belonging to it. There is nothing here that can be *spared*; not the least Step, Posture, or Turn of Body, which a Translator can safely *leave out*; much less that Artifice by which He keeps Us in the utmost Suspence, and raises our Expectation; partly when describing in such a Pomp of Language the previous March of the two Combatants; partly when unfolding the various Incidents of the Fight itself; above all, when representing the Passage of the *Grecian’s* Spear thro’ the several Parts of the *Trojan’s* Armour; and where, as in passing the Corset its *Swiftness* was now abated, but the *Danger* increas’d, our Author has here exhibited a most masterly Specimen of that Beauty which so often occurs in his Writings, I mean to change his *Numbers* and *Pauses* as his Subject changes. A Beauty which ought never to be overlook’d by his Translators. Otherwise they may give Us indeed his Sense; but stript of all that Poetic Charm and Force, which strikes with so much Efficacy on every judicious Ear.



In the dread Interval 'twixt Host and Host  
 (Not without Wonder rais'd in all) advanc'd ; 5  
 And now full high, within the measur'd Space,  
 Stood brandishing their Spears ; ' each Heart with Hate  
 Inveterate, and warm rival Passions swell'd.

First *Paris* his long ponderous Weapon threw,  
 And smote *Atrides'* ample Orb : He smote : 10  
 But found such tough Resistance ; that the Spear  
 Labouring to force the stubborn Brass, there bent  
 Her baffled Point. Next his fierce Onset made  
 (But with Appeal to Heaven's just Siré prefer'd)  
 The *Greek* ; and thus, in Act to throw, He cry'd. 15  
 " Give me, great *Jove*, (if injur'd Rights may claim  
 Thy vengeful Arm) full Victory ; and lay  
 Beneath my Lance th' Aggressor in the Dust.

So shall this Deed to Ages yet unborn  
 ' Dread Warning yield ; nor one bold Mortal dare 20  
 To violate sweet Friendship's Ties, and shame  
 With foul Return the hospitable Board.

He said, and his well-brandish'd Spear he sent ;  
 Which greeted with such Force young *Paris'* Shield ;  
 Sheer thro' the radiant Orb it pass'd ; sheer thro' 25  
 Th' all-vary'd Corset wrought with Skill divine

<sup>2</sup> *Each Heart with Hate*] Not Rage or Anger ; but a settled *Grudge*, or Hatred ; for so the Poet himself has determined the Sense of this Word, and expressly distinguishes it from Anger, Book I. lin. 81 and 82. So correct is *Homer* in all his Draughts whether relating to *Mind* or *Body*.

<sup>3</sup> *Dread Warning yield*] With how much Strength has our Poet express'd the good Effect propos'd by this Example ? 'tis not to reclaim from Vice but to prevent it ; and this by an *Awe* and *Terror* not influencing a few, but extending thro' the whole Species.

<sup>4</sup> Hard-bearing drove; now by th'unguarded Flank  
His Vest dividing — But with dext'rous Speed  
Aside He flinch'd, and *just* eludes his Fate.  
Then his rich-hilted Sword aloft in Air 30  
*Atrides* wav'd, and smote his Rival's Helm

<sup>5</sup> Full on the Front; <sup>6</sup> when lo! the treach'rous Blade  
Snapt; all around in shiver'd Fragments flew  
From his defenceless Hand; who mad with Rage,  
His Eyes uplifting to Heaven's Arch exclaim'd. 35

“And is it thus, stern *Jove*? What! thus betray'd?  
I could have sworn, thy Vengeance stood prepar'd  
T'inforce my Cause: But in my Hand the Steel  
Breaks short; and from my Arm unblest the Spear  
Falls harmless to the Ground. Then on his Foe 40

<sup>4</sup> *Hard-bearing drove; now by th'unguarded Flank*

*His Vest dividing*] That Part of my Readers who are able to consult the Original, will observe, how the Poet has describ'd the *present* Action of the Spear with all the Weight and Solemnity of a double *Spondee*: and by the sudden *Break*, or abrupt Kind of Pause in another Line baffles our Expectation which He had before rais'd of the *Trojan's* Death, who that very Instant saves Himself by the side-way Movement of his Body.

<sup>5</sup> *Full on the Front*] Or *frontal* Ornament of the Helm, for so *Eustathius* and the Scholiast have well explain'd the Word *φάδος*; that Front, which *Achilles* mentions in his Speech to *Patroclus*, Book 16. *lin.* 70. And therefore *Hesychius* was mistaken when he calls it the Cone; the Cone being a Protuberance of a tapering Form, round which the Plumes were inserted; as appears from that Clause in the Description of *Achilles' Plumes*,

— ας ηφαιστος εις λαφον αμφι —

*The Horse-Hair Crest around the Cone thick-set*

*Dire-nodding, as He mov'd* — Book 22. *lin.* 316. And by the Way, *Achilles' Helmet* had four frontal Ornamentals, or *φάδοι*; tho' it had but one *λαφος* or Cone; and that these *φάδοι* projected from the main Body of the Helmet, I infer from Book 13. *lin.* 132. The Ranks, says the Poet, stood so close, that the Helmets touch'd one another by their *φάδοι*, or frontal Ornamentals, when the Head nodded.

<sup>6</sup> — *when lo! the treacherous Blade*] *Virgil*, in his beautiful Imitation of this Description, calls it the “*Perfidious* Sword: But I chose rather the Word “*treacherous*, as better suiting that remarkable *Roughness* which the Greek Poet has given to his Verse on this Occasion. And tho' there is something more of the *Picturesque* in what *Virgil* adds concerning the Fragments, that *they glitter'd on the Sand*: yet after all I fear, it was too trivial a Circumstance to be taken Notice of in this Article of Danger. — 'Tis on the *Danger* alone our Attention is turn'd by *Homer*: and I've ventur'd, as *his* Translator, to keep close by the Original.

Desperate He sprung; and by the Helm fast grip'd  
 Him drew, swift-turning to the *Greeks*; its Thong  
 (Which under his soft Neck embracing stretch'd  
 Close by the Chin, with rich Embroidery gay)  
 Half-throttling here. Now had the *Spartan* Chief 45  
 Borne off his Captive, and vast Fame acquir'd:  
 Had not fair *Venus*, watchful o'er the Event  
 Spy'd that Distress; she flew, she burst unseen  
 The Bandage; a loose empty Casque she left  
 Submits to follow the mock'd Victor's Hand. 50  
 This with a rapid Whirl the Heroe threw,  
 And with Acclaim his social Bands receiv'd  
 Proud of the Spoils: <sup>7</sup> then with fresh Onset made  
 (The Lance uprais'd) swift rush'd He to dispatch  
 His recreant Foe: But Him the Goddess seiz'd 55  
 (Slight seems such Toil to Pow'rs divine) and thence  
 Wrapt in a Veil of thickned Air obscure  
 Conveys the panting Chief, from Danger far.  
<sup>8</sup> Him softly by the genial Bed she plac'd:  
 And heav'nly Fragrance all th'Apartment fill'd. 60

<sup>7</sup> — then with fresh Onset made] Neither this nor the foregoing Movement of *Menelaus'* Body (swift turning to the *Greeks*) shou'd escape our Notice; and the rather, as both gave *Venus* the fairer Opportunity of bearing off the *Trojan* — partly as the *Spartan's* Face was first turn'd another Way; and partly as from his making a fresh Onset, it appears that He was now at some Distance from *Paris*; so far at least as was necessary, that (by a Cast from his Arm) the Helmet might reach the *Greeks*: tho' even thus it required no small Exertion of Force; which I've accordingly express'd from my Author in that Line,

*This with a rapid Whirl the Heroe threw.*

<sup>8</sup> Him softly by the genial Bed] *Homer* is a Writer that pays great Regard to the Laws of Decency, and I think He has shewn it here; for whatever Use *Venus* might intend shou'd be made of the ensuing Interview between *Paris* and *Helen*, She does not lay Him upon the Bed; but contents Herself with placing Him in the bridal Chamber, and then withdraws to introduce the Fair. *Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe* — HOR.



*The Commencement of the Fight.*

*Iliad, Book IV. Lin. 446. POPE's Version, Lin. 508.*

NOW with dread Onset rush'd each Host; and now  
 With hideous Shock, Shields, Spears, and manly Breasts  
 In plated Brass well-sheath'd, encount'ring met  
 Horrid Embrace! Each Targe emboss'd now rung  
 On adverse Targe; and storming Tumult rose. 5  
 Then dying Groans, and Victor-Shouts were heard  
 Promiscuous — then deep-dy'd was seen to flow  
 Th' ensanguin'd Plain. ' As down steep-sloping Hills  
 Two torrent Floods, from copious Springs supply'd,  
 Descending, to Mid-Valley rush; and there 10  
 In some scoopt Hollow dash th' encount'ring Streams

\* *As down steep-sloping Hills*] I need not inform my Reader, that the two Torrents rushing down their respective Hills, answer to the two Armies; that the large Founts from whence they are supply'd, signify the respective States of Greece and Troy; and that the violent *Encountering* of these Torrents in one common Bottom (where our Poet by the Way uses a Verb of the *dual* Number) is a very strong and lively Portraiture of the first *Shock* of charging Hosts. And unless this Circumstance is retain'd, the main Point of the Comparison is lost, and with that the chief Beauty of the whole. It must be own'd that *Virgil*, who in general keeps *Homer* in View, has deviated from Him here; but for a very good Reason. For 'tis not the *Shock* of Armies that *Virgil* is representing, but the two Commanders in chief, each in different Parts carving his Way thro' the adverse Troops. Here therefore we have no *Meeting* and *Encountering* of the Torrents; but

———— in æquora currunt  
*Quisque suum populatus iter — non segnius ambo*  
*Æneas Turnusque ruunt.* *Æneid. Lib. 12. lin. 525.*

i. e. as Mr. Dryden renders it,

*They rowl to Sea with unresisted Force*  
 (Of which by the Way not one Word in *Homer*, as being a Circumstance both foreign and improper on this Occasion)

*And down the Rocks precipitate their Course:*  
*Not with less Rage the Rival-Heroes take*  
*Their different Ways.*

I've dwelt the longer on this Description, as 'tis one Instance out of many of that prodigious Depth and Fulness, which will be found (upon close Examination) in *Homer's* Similes.

With hideous Shock impetuous ; while the Swain  
Far off who tends on Mountain-tops his Sheep,  
That deaf'ning Sound receives : so join'd the Hofts ;  
Such were their mingled Cries, and wild Uproar.

15

First of the *Greeks*, *Antilochus* a Foe  
Laid prostrate. His bright Lance he hurl'd, and reach'd  
A Chieftain in the foremost Rank that shon,  
Brave *Echepolus* from *Thalyses* sprung.

Full on the frontal Ornament sublime

20

Of his bright Helm it smote Him ; and (all Fence  
From Art or Nature here oppos'd in vain)

Deep-plung'd within. Down dropt He like the Pile  
Of some vast Tow'r, whose Summit greets the Skies :  
And Shades of Death thick hover'd round his Sight.

25

—<sup>a</sup> Him by the Feet, ambitious of rich Spoils

He who commands the bold *Abantian* Bands

Fierce *Elephenor* seiz'd ; and from beneath

A Cloud of Darts now drew the Corse — Not long

Held that Attempt ; for on th'unguarded Flank,

30

Afide his Shield while stooping o'er his Prey,

Struck brave *Agènor* with home-thrust'd Spear ;

<sup>a</sup> *Him by the Feet*] Our Poet by having made an Example of the first *Greek* that attempted to strip the Slain in the Heat of Action, seems to bear his *Protest* against that imprudent Custom ; bad in general ; but worst of all, when obliged to draw the Corse from beneath a *Cloud* of Darts, and consequently by the very *Position* of the Shield to leave the *Flank* expos'd to a *Thrust* from the Enemy's Spear ; for such is the Import of the Original Word *στρον* ; and this Distinction between a Wound by *Cast* and *Thrust* of Spear must be carefully observ'd, if We propose to do Justice to *Homer's* Battles. I'm loth to dismiss this vivid Paragraph, without referring my Readers to that almost *literal* Version, which *Virgil* has given of its concluding Line.

— congressi in Prælia, totas  
Implicuere inter se Acies, legitque Virum Vir.

*Æneid. Lib. xi. lin. 631.*

And his stout Limbs unbrac'd. O'er this great Fall  
The Combate with redoubled Ardor glow'd.  
*Trojans* and *Greeks*, like ravenous Wolves oppos'd, 35  
Infuriate flew, and with close-grappling Rage  
Obdurate strove; and Man by Man expir'd.

\* *The Interview between Hector and Andromache at the Scæan Gates, with his being join'd by Paris, and marching from thence to the Field.*

*Iliad, Book VI. Lin. 374. POPE's Version, Lin. 472.*

NOW when the Chief his spotless Fair in vain  
Had fought within, He from the Portal's Space  
Her Train bespake, "Who first informs my Ear,  
Which Way, forth-issuing from our Roof, has mov'd  
*Andromache*? If for some Sister's Court, 5  
Sister in Blood, 'or nuptial Ties endear'd?"

\* *The Interview, &c.*] We are now entering upon one of the most celebrated Episodes in the whole *Iliad*: Of which I wou'd remark in general, how it gradually opens and rises upon Us. I had almost said, that whatever passes within *Hector's* House when in quest of *Andromache*, is comparatively speaking low, and consequently so much the better Foil to the Interview itself at the Gates of *Troy*. For which Reason I've kept as close as possible to the Original, not unmindful of that Rule laid down by Lord *Roscommon*, in his Essay on Translated Verse:

*Your Author always will the best advise,  
Fall when He falls, and when He rises rise.*

Nor should it be overlook'd, that as this was the last Interview between *Hector* and his Wife, our Poet here takes Occasion to let us into every Part of the Heroe's Character, and in particular that, on which his Fall depended—He fell a Victim (as She here prefag'd) to his Valour: or as She says of Him in another Place,

—He ne'er brook'd to stay  
Where Numbers screen; but far beyond the Line  
Flew forward, and in force wou'd yield to none.

\* *Sister in Blood, or nuptial Ties endear'd*] I see no Reason for throwing out this Distribution which *Homer* makes of *Hector's* Sisters into these two distinct Ties of Nature and Marriage. And the rather, as this reminds us of that pompous Circumstance which our Author has inserted in his Description of *Priam's* Palace, viz. the fifty Apartments assign'd to his fifty marry'd Sons, and twelve on the opposite Side of the same Court to his marry'd Daughters.

*Quinquaginta illi Thalami sociæ tanta Nepotum*



Or sped perchance to *Pallas'* Fane;<sup>2</sup> where throng  
 Our beauteous Dames that Goddess to appease  
 Found inauspicious to the Arms of *Troy*?  
 Speak; and the Truth in nought from me conceal. 10  
 " Know then; since *Hector* Truth demands, reply'd  
 Their foremost, She nor Sisters seeks this Day:  
 Nor steer'd to that dread Goddess, in whose Fane  
 Th' assembled Fair celestial Wrath appease.  
 Soon as her Ear the baleful News had caught 15  
 Of fainting *Troy* now fore-beset, and *Greece*  
 High-rampant in the Field; straight for the Walls,  
 And Tower, whose Height the amplest Prospect gives,  
 With wild distracted Gait and Air she flew;  
 And charg'd with your right-royal Babe her Steps 20  
 The fostering Dame attends. — She scarce had ceas'd,  
 When now fresh-sally'd, and his former Road  
 Thro' *Troy's* wide Streets remeasuring the great Chief  
 Bent to resume his martial Toils, drew near  
 The *Scæan* Gates; (thro' them for Battle lay 25  
 His destin'd Course) no sooner spy'd, but sprung  
 Her Lord to meet *Andromache's* bright Form  
 Most lovely in the gay-plum'd *Hector's* Eye,  
 And now still lovelier seem'd in *such* Distress.

<sup>2</sup> — *where throng*] Our Poet here uses the *present* Tense, as the Action referr'd to is suppos'd not yet to be over. The Dames of *Troy* were assembled in *Pallas'* Temple at the very Time in which *Hector* visited his own House; and this Remark is the more necessary, were it only to justify that Heroe's Conduct; for had this important Ceremony been now over, *Hector* had nothing to do in *Troy*. Besides it gives the Reader the additional Pleasure of considering what was now transacting *behind* the Scenes.

That Nymph the Fruit of his illustrious Bed 30  
*Aëtion* styl'd; *Aëtion* whose proud Dome  
 In *Hypoplacian Thebe* its Summit rear'd;  
 And o'er the *Cilices*, a Race belov'd  
 By *Mars*, his Scepter stretch'd: <sup>3</sup> with many a Gift  
 Brave *Hector* woo'd, and won the Fair deriv'd 35  
 From this fam'd Source; who now suspends his March;  
 And with Her brings on menial Breasts reclin'd  
 Young *Hector*, whose fresh orient Charms and Grace  
 Unrival'd with that sacred Star might vie  
 Which crowns the smiling Morn: Him at the Birth 40  
 His Godlike Father had *Scamandrius* nam'd  
 From *Troy's* chief Flood; but the whole *Dardan* State  
*Astyanax*, in Honour of his Sire  
<sup>4</sup> Sole Bulwark of that War-beleaguer'd Town.  
 On this fair Plant when now the Heroe fix'd 45  
 His fond Regards, with silent Joy He smil'd.  
 But She, all bath'd in Tears within his Hand  
 Her own fast-lock'd; and with soft plaintive Style

<sup>3</sup> — with many a Gift] The Term here us'd being alike applicable (as the *Greek* Scholiast observes) to Gifts coming from the Lady's Parents and from the Lover, I've chosen the latter, as best expressive of *Hector's* Affection, and most agreeable to what *Homer* himself says, *Book 22. l. 470.*

— *ἡρώδ' ἔκρω*  
 Ex domo Herodæ, sive ex regia idæ.

i. e. He led her for the City of *Troy*, after having presented Her with *Myriads* of bridal Gifts.

<sup>4</sup> Sole Bulwark of that War-beleaguer'd Town] What an Idea does this give us of *Hector's* Importance to the *Trojan* State; He is not merely its Defence, but sole Defence — all depend-  
 ed on that single Life; and accordingly our Poet, when describing the City's Lamentation over  
*Hector's* Fall, says,

Such seem'd that Scene of Woe, as if all *Troy*  
 Sunk from her loftiest Spires in hostile Flames  
 Was now no more —

' At length the Burthen of her Breast disclos'd.  
 " Unfortunately brave! Alas! how soon 50  
 Will thy own Virtues lay thee in the Dust?  
 So prodigal of Life! So bent thou seem'st  
 To urge thy Fate by most advent'rous Deeds,  
 Mindless the while of this sweet Babe, and Me  
 (Wretch that I am!) by some quick Stroke ordain'd 55  
 Th' irreparable Loss of *Thee* to mourn.  
 Yes, I foresee, full soon (so great a Prize  
 Were *that* for Greece) shall their whole Strength combin'd  
 Rush on thy single Head; and what avails  
 Thy Valour to o'erwhelming Hosts oppos'd? 60  
 Good Heav'n forbid, I shou'd survive thy Fall!

' Andromache's Speech] It is scarce possible to unite more of the *pathetic* and *artful* in one Speech than is here done. The *Pathetic* bolts out in every Line, but especially in that Address to *Hector*,

*For say, dear Hector, Thou extint, to me  
 What new Resource, what Solace in Distress,  
 And Taste for Life remains?*

(For, if I'm not mistaken, the Word *δακρυον* will support all these Ideas.)

And again,

*What Sire I had, beneath Achilles' Arms —*

And speaking of her Mother, when redeem'd from Captivity,

*Once more she saw my Father's Roof; she saw,  
 And breath'd her last —*

And indeed nothing can be more affecting than this whole Detail, which She gives of the Extinction of her own Family. But to find all these Relations as it were *reviv'd* from the Dead, or rather still *subsisting* in the single Person of *Hector*, was a Stroke worthy of *Homer's* Pen:

— All all at once *enwrap'd*

*In this one Life! He too in Youth's gay Bloom  
 Sweet Partner of my chaste connubial Bed!*

And as to the *Artifice*, which She uses to keep her Husband not indeed *within* the City, (for that She knew to be impracticable) but as near to the Gates as possible, in order to ensure Him a safe Retreat; nothing cou'd have been better contriv'd than that Description, which She gives of what we may call the *weak Side* of *Troy* with the several Attempts already made on that Quarter by the Flower of the *Greek* Troops, and the best of their Leaders:

— there most smooth th' *Ascent*, and there  
 On the full Run, the *Fee's* Access to *Troy*.



For say, dear *Hector*, Thou extinct to me  
 What new *Resource*, what *Solace* in Distress  
 Or *Taste* for Life remains? Nought then succeeds,  
 But endless Scenes of unabating Woe. 65  
 No Father, and no gentle Mother near  
 The Anguish of my wounded Soul to soothe.  
 What Sire I had, beneath *Achilles'* Arms  
 Late fell: and with Him fell our *Thebe*, a Town  
 Thick-peopled, and with lofty Rampires fenc'd. 70  
 Nor wou'd the *Greek* (that generous Foe rever'd  
 The royal State and Virtues of my Sire)  
 Insult the Slain, and his rich Armour seize:  
 But Him in his whole martial Suit array'd  
 With funeral Rites He grac'd; and what remain'd 75  
 From that sad *Pyre* beneath a Tomb interrs;  
 Round which the Wood-Nymphs from great *Jove* deriv'd  
 Their Elms, a venerable Shade, uprais'd.  
 There sev'n brave Brothers too I call'd my own  
 All in one Day by *that* wide-slaughtering Hand 80  
 Down to the Shades dismiss'd! Them *He* surpriz'd  
 When guarding our fair pasturing Beeves secure.  
 And for the sacred Mould which gave Me Birth —  
 Was She not hither in proud Form convey'd  
 A Captive Queen? Part of the Victor's Spoils 85  
 Herself! whose Sway, before these Frowns of Fate,  
 Far stretch'd thro' *Hypoplacia's* Sylvan Soil.

True is, at length with boundless Sums redeem'd  
 Once more She saw my Father's Roof; She saw,  
 And breath'd her last (so transient was that Bliss!) 90  
 By one swift Shaft from stern *Diana's* Bow.  
 — But thou — O *Hector* — spare but Him, ye Gods!  
 Then Father, Mother, Brothers, all to Me  
 Methinks still live; all, all at once enwrap'd  
 In this *one* Life! He too in Youth's gay Bloom 95  
 Sweet Partner of my chaste connubial Bed.  
 Now then let soft Compassion touch thy Soul  
 For Me, and this young Pledge; (what are we both  
 Of Thee bereft?) Here at the Tower await  
 Th'advancing *Greeks*; \* and by the Fig-tree post 100  
 Your Troops; just Station. From that Side in chief  
 Frowns Danger on our Walls, *there* least secur'd  
 By Nature; there most smooth th'Ascent, and there  
 On the full Run the Foe's Access to *Troy*.  
 And thrice *that* Way, already have the Prime 105  
 Of *Greece* made Onset, round th'*Ajaces'* Lead

\* — and by the Fig-tree post] This whole Piece of Scenery reminds me of an ingenious Remark made by the Author of the *Enquiry into the Life and Writings of HOMER*, "Who but the Man that had wander'd over that delightful Plain, that had view'd the Bendings of the Coast, and every Corner of the Fields, could have describ'd or feign'd the genuine Marks of it: The Tomb of *Dardanus*, the Springs of *Scamander*, the Banks of *Simois*, the Beech-tree (and I'll make bold to add from this and the 22d Book, the wild Fig-tree more remote than the former from the *Scaean* Gates) with many other Circumstances that distinguish the *Environs*, and enrich his Landskips? Other Writers before they describe an Action that happen'd in any Place, first describe the Place; *Homer* mentions his Places with an Appearance of Certainty, as already subsisting and already known: He does it almost in the Manner of an *Historian*, and leaves you to pick up a more particular Knowledge of them from the Circumstances of the Action to which they belong." May not We say, that his Speeches by this Means become more natural and striking? Wou'd the Reader see (or rather feel) the Force of this Remark, he need only compare *Aeneid*. Lib. 2. lin. 713. with the present Passage. An *Enquiry*, &c. p. 293.

Round *Crete's* fam'd Monarch, and high *Atreus's* Sons,  
 With Him that drew from *Tydeus's* Veins his Blood.  
 Whether self-prompted :<sup>7</sup> or some Prophet's Voice  
 Has *thither* turn'd their Heaven-directed Arms. 110  
 She ceas'd ; and thus th' undaunted<sup>8</sup> Chief reply'd.

“ Nor is my Heart a Stranger to these Cares  
 Which crowd thy Bosom ; I confess them all.  
 But here too dwells an honest Shame, that fears  
*Troy's* Sons and Daughters ; a right-generous Breed. 115  
 How shall I see one *Trojan* Face ? How meet  
 Those princely Dames, who with long-flowing Robes  
 And sweet Applause oft hail'd me from the Field  
 With Fame return'd ; if now degenerate grown  
 I stand aloof from Danger, and indulge 120  
 Most dastard-like a lingering loitering Fight ?  
 Besides my Soul that Thought disdains, inur'd  
 Long since to dare, to act the Warrior-part,  
 And join the foremost of the Battle's Rage ;  
 Fir'd with a just Ambition to augment  
 At once my Father's Glory, and my own. 125  
 For this full well my boding Heart foresees

<sup>7</sup> — or some Prophet's Voice] This is too material a Circumstance to be omitted, I mean that the Will of Heaven was convey'd in its proper Channel, by the Lips of a Prophet or Diviner ; like that Revelation made to *Hector* Himself in the following Book, by the Mouth of *Helenus* the *Trojan* Seer.

<sup>8</sup> *Hector's* Speech] Our Poet had before given us the most amiable Idea of *Achilles's* Character from the Mouth of *Andromache* ; and now He enters upon that of *Hector*. And what an Assemblage of Graces have We here ? the gallant Soldier, the vigilant Commander, the tender Husband and Father, the affectionate Brother, and all crown'd with that filial Piety, which breathes forth in those Lines,

*Fir'd with a just Ambition to augment  
 At once my Father's Glory and my own ?*



The Day will come, when high-fenc'd *Troy*, 'tho' built  
 By Hands divine, must fall; fall *Priam* too,  
 He, and his People blended in one Fate!  
 Yet, trust Me, not high *Troy's* lamented Doom, 130  
 Nor *Hecuba*, nor *Priam's* royal Head,  
 With all my Brethren dear (brave as they are  
 All pre-ordain'd to gorge the *Grecian* Sword)  
 So moves my Soul, as thy dear single Self  
 Borne off a Captive to far-distant Climes, 135  
 Streaming with Tears; belike to *Argos's* Shore;  
 There forc'd beneath some haughty Dame to ply  
 The Loom laborious, and (with basest Toil  
 Assign'd Thee) from *Messëis-Fount* to fill  
 The servile Urn, or *Hypereia's* Spring; 140  
 And struggle with a Weight of Woes in vain.  
 Then haply some proud *Greek* o'er thy Distress,  
 Insulting with crude wanton Joy shall cry,  
 "See, *Hector's* Wife! " He, who in Fight surpass'd  
 The bravest of *Troy* Breed, in that fam'd War, 145  
 When *Greece* hard-press'd the destin'd Gates of *Troy*.  
 So He fresh adding to thy Stock of Woe

130 Yet trust Me, not high *Troy's* lamented Doom] Is it possible to conceive a more ardent Affection than what *Hector* professes for *Andromache*? He assures Her, that neither the approaching Fate of his brave and gallant Brethren; nor that of his venerable Parents; no nor the Fall of his Country itself, so mov'd his Soul, as the Consideration of her Captivity, and State of Servitude.

140 — He who in Fight surpass'd  
 The bravest of *Troy* Breed —] Here again is another Particular of too interesting a Kind to be cashier'd; for it aggravates the Distress; when We see, not the Wife, or Relict, of some inferior Chief; but of the first and bravest in so great a Kingdom reduc'd to this State of Servitude and Labour.

The greater for the Want of this one Arm  
 No longer able to ward off thy Fate.  
 — But may pil'd Earth (O grant me all ye Gods!)  
 First cover my *whole* Frame, or ere the News  
 Of thy dread Seizure by the Victor's Rage,  
 And unavailing Cry shall reach this Ear.  
 So having say'd, th' illustrious Chief war-fam'd  
 Stretch'd forth, t' indulge a Father's Love, his Arms,  
 And clasp his beauteous Babe: But He with Cries  
 Back shrinks; more safe within the wonted Sphere  
 " Of the fair Zone, that grac'd his Nurse's Chest.  
 So much the martial Aspect of his Sire  
 Wrought on his Fears; nor less the Brazen Helm,  
 And the dire Nodding of its Horse-hair Crest,  
 Pleas'd with that *false* Alarm each Parent smil'd.  
 Forthwith from off his Head the Warrior takes,  
 And to the Ground his radiant Casque resign'd,  
 A gorgeous Load: then with a warm Salute  
 Close-press'd He the young infant Heroe's Lips  
 Shook in his Arms; — and to high *Jove* supreme  
 A Soldier's Prayer addressing, thus He say'd.

" Great *Jove*! and each immortal Pow'r beside!  
 Grant, this my Boy may like myself excell  
 With Prowess fill'd; " nor in his Father's Right,

" *Of the fair Zone*] In how artful a Manner has our *Port en passant* done Justice to this Trojan Lady's Elegance in point of Dress?

" *Nor in his Father's Right*] I flatter myself to have enter'd into the full Force of our Author's Sentiment here. The Crown must have descended to *Astyanax* in his *Father's Right*; but this gallant Heroe wishes something *greater* than a Crown for his Son. He wou'd have Him in his

But in his own reign Hero-like o'er *Troy*.  
 O may applauding Crowds, when He returns  
 From foughten Fields, and bears the bloody Spoils  
 Of his slain Foe, with joint Acclaim confers, 175

“How the brave Son by far transcends his Sire!  
 While sharing that bright Fame his Mother's Heart  
 With conscious Pride dilates, and rapturous Joy.  
 So say'd; the Princess from his Arms receiv'd,  
 And in her fragrant Bosom lodg'd the Babe, 180  
 Sweet smiling; yet amidst those Smiles let fall  
 A soft and silent Tear. — Her Lord (that seen)  
 With Pity mov'd, her snowy Neck athwart  
 Wav'd gently his fond Hand, and sooth'd her Grief.

“Let me conjure Thee, cease this vain Distress, 185  
 These over-anxious torturing Cares for Me.  
 Fear not, thy *Hector* shall by any Arm  
 Fall premature, nor reach the destin'd Bound.  
 — But for the *rest* — the Coward and the Brave  
 Here share alike; 'tis not in mortal Pow'r 190  
 Howe'er decreed a Mortal's Fate to shun.

own *Personal* Worth obtain a still better Title to this Preheminence of State than by mere natural Succession. And a few Lines after pleases Himself with the Thought, not that his military Fame shou'd equal, but by far transcend his Father's. I'm not willing to dismiss this Prayer of *Hector* without subjoining, in Honour of our *English* Poetry, a Passage of *Shakespear*, which for Strength at least may rival it; though wanting that Softness and Delicacy with reference to the conjugal Relation, which *Hector* discovers in his inimitable Conclusion. The Passage I have in View is that Prayer, which our Dramatic Writer puts into the Mouth of *Coriolanus* upon a similar Occasion,

— May the God of Soldiers  
 With the Consent of Supreme Jove inform  
 Thy Thoughts with Nobleness; that Thou may'st prove  
 To Shame invulnerable; and stick i'th' Wars,  
 Like some great Sea-Mark, standing every Flaw,  
 And losing all that eye Thee —



Now then retire Thou; and with thy fair Train  
 Let female Works, the Distaff and the Loom  
 Thy gentler Hours divide: Leave War to Men.  
 Such arduous Task to *Troy's* high-mettled Sons 195  
 Belongs in common, and in chief to me.  
 He ceas'd, and straight his tow'ring Helm replac'd  
 Those Warrior-Brows o'ershadowing — She submits  
 Slow-parted; slow with oft-reverted Eyes  
 Loth their dear Object to forgoe, withdrew 200  
 In Tears, a plenteous Stream: At length She reach'd  
 Great *Hector's* Seat: there, with her Virgin Train  
 Around Her throng'd, She gave a Loose to Woe.  
 Each caught the spreading Grief: Thus *Hector* they  
 " In his *own* Palace, yet *alive*, bemoan'd; 205  
 And funeral Cries through all the Dome resound;  
 That Palace doom'd (so judg'd Despair) no more  
 From *Grecia's* Arms to hail its Lord's Return.  
 " Nor *Paris* now the high-roof'd Court secure  
 Held ling'ring, sunk in soft inglorious Ease: 210  
 But in rich Arms array'd, elate He moves  
 Swift for the Field. As when some gen'rous Steed  
 Grown flush'd with Grain, impatient of the Stall

" In his own Palace] I shall make no Apology for retaining this exquisitely soft and moving Circumstance, *Hæc quidem sententiâ nihil unquam fuit ad commovendos affectus neque excogitatum exquisitiùs neque elegantius dictum.* Clarke Ed. *Iliad.* Vol. I. p. 194.

" Nor Paris now] Shou'd the Reader consider this sprightly Scene in Connexion with the former, he'll find here a fresh Instance of that artful Manner in which our Author perpetually diversifies his Draughts. *Paris* was in general too indolent a Warrior, tho' now re-entring the Field with a *Spirit* not unworthy of that noble *Simile*, which our Poet applies in another Book (without the least *Variation*) to the first Champion of *Troy*.

<sup>15</sup> *Snap*s the tough Band; with many a sportive Bound  
Across the Plain that shakes beneath his Joy, 215

<sup>16</sup> *All-glorying* to his wonted Bath He flies  
There in full-flowing limpid Streams to lave  
His ample Chest; and bears his Head on high:

On either Shoulder his fair Mane diffus'd  
Luxuriant plays; while in the *Pride* of Youth, 220  
And *conscious* Sense of each attractive Charm,

His Joints swift bear Him to the neighbouring Meads,  
And Pastures of the Mares: With equal Joy

The Prince exulting from the Fort descends  
In Armour, which out-blaz'd the Lamp of Day. 225

E'er yet his Brother-Chief had turn'd his Steps  
From where *Andromache's* Heart-moving Speech

That Hour beguil'd, gay *Paris* on full Wing

<sup>15</sup> *Snap*s the tough Band] The Poet does not say, the generous Courser *slipt* or *unbound* his Cordage: But by an Act expressive of the utmost Impetuosity and Vigor, he *broke* it: A Circumstance too material for *Virgil's* Judgment to overlook

*Qualis ubi abruptis fugit præsepia Vinculis*

*Tandem liber equus* — i. e. as Mr. Dryden renders it,

*Freed from his Keepers thus with broken Reins* — *Æneid. Lib. xi. lin. 492.*

<sup>16</sup> *All-glorying*] Partly in the Consciousness of his own Powers, and partly in that Release from Confinement, which they had now procur'd Him. In this and the following Note We have an Instance of the bold and aspiring Style of Poetry; it gives Life, as it were, to Stones, Reason to Brutes, and I had almost said, Divinity to Men.

<sup>17</sup> — *and conscious Sense, &c.*] In the Original *αγλαΐῃσι πιστοῖσι*, i. e. *confiding* in his Beauty, Splendor, Vivacity, and whatever other agreeable Property is included in this comprehensive Word. The Author of the 86th *Guardian*, when considering that pompous Description which *Job* gives of the Horse, in Contrast with the Pagan Writers, has the following Remark: "Whereas the classical Poets chiefly endeavour to paint the *outward* Figure, Lineaments and Motions; the sacred Poet makes all these Beauties to flow from an *inward* Principle in the Creature He describes, and thereby gives great Spirit and Vivacity to his Description. Among the Instances of this Kind, which He cites from *Job*, we have the following: *He rejoiceth in his Strength* — *He mocketh at Fear* — *He saith among the Trumpets Ha, Ha.* There may be some Truth in this Criticism, if apply'd to *Virgil*. But I shou'd have thought, *Homer* has thrown enough of Mind, Spirit and Consciousness into his Description to exempt Him from it.

O'er-

O'ertakes Him, and with courtly Style began.

" My Sloth, dear Leader, has transgress'd the Bounds 230  
Which Reason, and your Summons to fresh Arms  
Prescrib'd me: Ha! shou'd my ill-tim'd Delay  
Have kept the Godlike *Hector* from the Field —

" Not He whom that fair *Reason* sways, reply'd  
The Gen'rous Chief, can tax thy *Works* in Fight. 235  
No in-bred Force and Valour wanting here.  
No; not in *Powers*, sweet *Paris*, but in *Will*  
Lies your Default: 'Tis *Will unbrac'd*, a Mind  
Half-losing its just Tone. How have I chaf'd,  
Oft as I heard, the flouting Sons of *Troy* 240  
(Hard-wrought long since in your Defence) arraign  
Thy Indolence for Arms? But with joint Zeal  
Now march We; and in Pledge of future Peace,  
Trust Me, all Censure shall be fairly drown'd  
In *Liberty's* rich Bowl (if e'er blest *Jove* 245  
That cordial Draught vouchsafe) the Bowl to Him  
And every God<sup>18</sup> for glad Libation fix'd,  
In Thanks for their confederate Aid and *Greece*  
19 Chac'd from our Coast by *Troy's* victorious Spear.

<sup>18</sup> For glad Libation fix'd] Alluding (as Dr. Clarke well observes) to the Frame or Basis on which this Goblet was placed; which Base for that Reason the Ancients call'd *υποκαταβασ*. These *Minutiae* should not be judg'd beneath a Translator's Notice; otherwise He defrauds his Readers of one great Pleasure, which they propose to themselves by conversing with so accurate a Describer of *antient* Customs, as *Homer* is universally allow'd to be.

<sup>19</sup> Chac'd from our Coast] Does not our Poet send *Hector* into the Field with a *Speech* not unbecoming the Chief Commander of his Country's Forces; a *Speech* which almost dissipates every *Fear* rais'd in the preceding Scene; and has a natural Tendency to infuse a Portion of his own *public Spirit*, *Zeal*, and *Vigour* into the Breast of his Brother-Warrior?



*The Retreat of Ajax from the Fight.*

Iliad, Book XI. Lin. 521. POPE's Version, Lin. 643.

MEAN time *Cebriones* from *Hector's* Car  
Spy'd *Troy's* Distress, and thus his Chief bespake.

"*Hector*, whilst here on th' utmost Verge of Fight  
We charge the Foe; lo! yonder all confus'd  
Both Warriors and War-Steeds in Disarray 5  
Promiscuous are deep-plung'd; nor can sustain  
Th' o'erbearing Arms of *Greece*; and at her Head  
I well descry by his broad Buckler known  
Great *Ajax*' wild Career. That Way our March  
Forthwith We'll bend; where Slaughter rages most, 10  
Tho' *mutual*; where fore Strife of Arms invites;  
And unextinguish'd Clamour mounts the Skies."

He ceas'd; and straight the sounding Lash apply'd.  
<sup>2</sup> Prompt to whose Call the fair-man'd Coursers flew;  
And that dread Car across the Field of Death, 15  
O'er Shields, and Helms, and helmed Heads of Slain  
Proud-trampling bore: Her Axle all below  
Deep-dy'd with Blood; <sup>3</sup> with Blood the Chariot's Frame;

<sup>1</sup> *Hector, whilst here*] What *Cebriones* intends, is to induce *Hector* to change the Scene of Action: And He has couch'd *two* Arguments in a few Words; the one, that He was now engag'd only in the *Skirts* of the Fight; and the other, that his Troops, though not *discomfited*, were yet greatly distress'd, and thrown into Confusion from another Quarter: as I infer from the Beginning of the Speech compar'd with that Clause — *αλλήλους ολέουσιν*;

— *Where Slaughter rages most,*  
*Though mutual; where sore Strife of Arms invites;* —

<sup>2</sup> *Prompt to whose Call*] The Poet does not make these generous Coursers wait till they felt the Stroke. They flew, says He, at the first bearing the Sound.

<sup>3</sup> *With Blood the Chariot's Frame*] In the Original *αντιγυς*. These were *two* embow'd or semi-circular Frames, which encompassed the Seat on every Side, except from behind; where I think

Part from the spurning *Hoof* with Drops besmear'd ;  
 \* Part from the whirling Wheel: While He intent 20  
 The hostile Ranks to break, fierce Onset made;  
 And spread Confusion thro' the Host of *Greece*.  
 Slight Pause found *Hector's* vigorous Arm that Day;  
 Who in *still-vary'd* Forms of Combate plies  
 With Lance, with Sword, and ponderous Stones discharg'd 25  
 Rank after Rank: Yet cautious he declin'd  
 Fresh Contest with the *Telamonian* Spear.

— But Heaven's all-ruling Sire Himself infus'd  
 Strange Pannick in great *Ajax's* Breast. He stood  
 Astounded — In Amaze behind him threw 30  
 The seven-fold Shield's Defence: Now here his Eye  
 Now there wide-roving casts: Yet in Retreat,  
 Like some grim Lyon, on th' advancing Foe  
 Oft turns; and with slow lingering Steps withdrew.  
 As quits the *Beeves'* dense Stall late close-besieg'd 35  
 That fiery Beast, by hardy Swains repuls'd,  
 And their confederate Mastives; whose joint Watch  
 (Guileless of Sleep thro' Night's long Reign obscure)  
 Baffles his Aim, and eager Thirst of Blood:  
 Oft He th' Assault with open Front renews 40

a Gap was left open for the Convenience of ascending or descending. Thus our Poet speaking of *Juno's* Chariot, says,

— *δοται δὲ ἀνελκόμενοι ἀντιπρὸς ἑαυτοῖς.* Lib. 5. lin. 728.

And We find *Achilles* ascending his Car from behind, Book 19. lin. 397.

\* Part from the whirling Wheel] How clear and distinct are *Homer's* Ideas amidst all their Impetuosity and Fire? Nor does He say that the dead Bodies clog'd the Wheels: but on the contrary such was their *Rapidity*, that they assisted the Horse's Hoofs in bespattering the most projecting Parts of the Car.

Bent on his dire Repast; as oft oppos'd;  
 Thick-shower all-round him from bold Hands dismiss'd  
 Their pointed Darts, and (what still more appalls  
 Than Darts his Soul) the brandish'd Torches' Blaze.  
 Tir'd out at length, ('no sooner Dawn appears) 45  
 Decamps He; and in fullen State retires.

\* Hector's forcing the Greek Entrenchments.

Iliad, Book XII, Lin. 445. POPE'S Version, Lin. 537.

**A** Ponderous Stone ('before the Gates that stood)  
 Bold Hector seiz'd; 'twas broad and gross below,  
 Above sharp-pointed: Not the stoutest Twain  
 Such as our Times produce, but with hard Toil  
 Wou'd that huge Mass off from the Floor upheave. 5  
 But He alone (so light th' enormous Weight  
 By Jove's high Will within the Heroe's Hands)  
 Cou'd brandish it with Ease. As when the Swain

<sup>5</sup> No sooner Dawn appears] It was no hasty Retreat; but after He despair'd of Success by the Return of Dawn. I wou'd not willingly find more masterly Strokes in *Homer*, than Himself intended: Yet as to the Counter-part of this Simile, may We not venture to say, what the Appearance of *Light* was to the endanger'd Stall, that *Hector's* Presence was to his distressed Troops? These latent Beauties, if I may so call them, are not unusual with the greatest Writers. Thus in that Simile which *Milton* borrows from the standing Corn, the careful Plowman fearing for his Crop, is the Angel *Gabriel*, who is solicitous for the Safety of *Adam* and *Eve*. *Paradise Lost*, Book 4. lin. 982.

\* Hector's forcing] This being an Action of the last Importance, Our Poet dwells upon it: and so must We, if proposing to taste the Beauties of this inimitable Piece of Painting. Scarce a single Word, much less a Thought of *Homer's* can be given up: Whether with reference to his Description of the Stone itself, or the Obstacles which it is intended to surmount; and least of all any thing relating to the Station, or Movement, or Attitude of the Heroe's Body; whether in order to discharge his Weapon to the best Advantage; or after He had forced and enter'd the Gates; when He turns Himself to his Troops, and gives the Command to follow.

<sup>1</sup> — before the Gates that stood] He does not say (as is usual) that it lay: but selecting a



Bears lightly in one Arm <sup>2</sup> a Ram's rough Fleece:  
 So He that Rock right onward to the Planks,  
 Which in the midst those lofty Gates secur'd  
 Close-join'd and strong: two massy Bars within  
 Held sure the whole, <sup>3</sup> and answering to one Key  
 Gave *mutual* Aid. The Chief, when now arriv'd,  
 Stood near; then with diverging Step fix'd firm,  
 And his whole Force impress'd (since no vain Cast  
 Here meant He) that stout Barrier-fence He smote  
 Full in the midst; — each ample Hinge gave Way;  
 Each Door resounding, as the Stone within  
 Impetuous fell; nor cou'd the solid Bars  
 Suffice; but (with the Planks cut sheer in twain)  
 Flew diverse at the Stroke. — In-rush'd the Chief  
 Gloomy as Night: all-glittering in dread Arms

<sup>2</sup> *A Ram's rough Fleece*] He chose, says *Eustathius*, the Coat or Fleece of the *Male*, partly as being the largest of the two, and partly as by its *rougher* and more unsightly Aspect it suited best the Complexion of the Stone.

<sup>3</sup> — *and answering to one Key*] Our Author explains Himself more at large, *Odyss. Lib. 21. lin. 47.* where He says of *Penelope*, that She

— with dexterous Aim  
 Right onward drove th' impulsive Key, whose Stroke  
 Resistless the firm Bars obey'd — ope flew  
 The Valves with bellowing Sound —

'Tis no Wonder if at this Distance of Place and Time we are at a Loss to explain every Particular with reference to the *Grecian* Lock and Key: But thus far, I shou'd think, is clear enough from *Homer's* Account; that the Key was not *turn'd* in the Lock, but *driven* forward; and consequently the Wards were an after-Invention. Nor have I as yet, upon strictest Enquiry, a full Satisfaction with regard to these *Planks*: — That they were distinct from the Gates themselves, and added for their further Security, and apply'd to them about the middle, is evident from the *present* Place compar'd with that Clause in the Speech of *Polydamas*, Book 18. *lin. 275.* (in Conjunction with Book 12. *lin. 121.*)

Ἰνδλαι δὲ πυλῶν, αὐανδὲς δ' ἐπὶ τῆς ἀναγνῶνται —

And from that Command which *Priam* gave to the Guards not to let go their <sup>\*</sup> Hold of the Gates while his routed Troops were pouring into the City: But when enter'd, to apply to [or upon] them the *Planks*. Upon the whole, as here was the greatest Strength, *Hector* knew that by forcing these, He must force the Gates themselves.

<sup>\*</sup> Had *Eustathius* noticed this, wou'd He have said, "by Gates is meant only the Stairs of Entrance?"

Which sheath'd his gallant Limbs: Each Hand protends  
 A pointed Lance; and from his ardent Eyes 25  
 Thick Lightnings flash'd: What Pow'r cou'd then have check'd  
 (Short of th' immortal Gods) his fierce Career?  
 Swift-turning to his Troops, "*Now pass the Wall,*  
 The Victor cries; They at the Word inflam'd,  
 Part mounted the high Wall; part in a Tide 30  
 Pour thro' the spacious Gates. The *Greeks* dispers'd  
 Fled to their Ships; and endless Tumult rose.

Neptune's rallying the Greeks.

*Iliad, Book XIII. Line 10. POPE'S Version, Lin. 17.*

NOR his strict Watch that instant held in vain  
 The Sea's great Monarch (who his wat'ry Realm  
 Had left) high-posted on the utmost Height  
 Of *Samothracia's* Sylvan Brow; whence seen  
 In Prospect clear, all *Ida* rose; all *Troy* 5  
 With Heav'n-built Ramparts grac'd; and ' *Argos'* Fleet;  
 Her Prows thick-rang'd in Order by the Main.  
 Here as He fate, his Eye survey'd the War,  
 And Movements of the Fight; much pitying *Greece,*  
 Which crouch'd that Day beneath the *Dardan* Spear: 10  
 Nor less his Soul at partial *Jove* incens'd.

Down the steep Summit straight He rush'd: the Hills  
 With all their shaggy Load of vast Extent,

\* The whole Fleet was drawn *ashore*; whence in the 14th Book, *lin. 419.* we read of Stones

And loftiest Pines, all trembled, as He mov'd,  
 Beneath th' immortal Footsteps of the God.  
<sup>2</sup> Three *Stretches* made that Pow'r divine; the fourth  
<sup>3</sup> Reach'd *Ægæ*, his far-distant Goal; where stood  
 Low in th' unruffled Deep his royal Seat,  
 Structure superbe, rich-blazing with pure Gold,  
 From all Decay secure. His Coursers here  
 Brass-hoof'd, and deck'd with golden Manes He joins:  
 Himself in golden *Panoply* arrays:  
 Then seizing the Gold-Scourge, with Pomp ascends  
 His azure Car; and o'er broad Billows rides  
 Majestic. Round Him sportive Dolphins throng'd;  
 With many a larger Fin, Sea-Monsters huge:  
 Each from his dark Recess emerging rose,  
 (As conscious of that Presence most divine)  
 Wallowing unwieldy, and wild Gambols play'd

<sup>2</sup> *Three Stretches made*] The Term, which our Poet here uses, is of a more general Signification than a mere *Step*, or *Stride*: It conveys indeed the Idea of a *Stretch* forward; but this Effort or Exertion of the Body (as *Hesychius* observes) may as well be apply'd to a *Leap* as to a *Step*; or to any *expansus* or springing forward in general; like a *Bird* shooting a considerable Way in the Air, or a *Swimmer* in the Water at one single Stroke. Three such *Stretches*, or Efforts were made by *Neptune*, and at the fourth He reach'd *Ægæ*. There is therefore no Necessity for that very extraordinary Supposition of his *striding* over 50 or 60 Miles at once; a Supposition which makes the Legs of *Neptune* much longer, than ever enter'd into *Homer's* Thoughts. See our Author's Simile at the Conclusion of this Episode.

<sup>3</sup> *Reach'd Ægæ*] There were, according to *Eustathius*, three *Ægæ*; the one belonging to *Eubæa*; the second in *Peloponnesus*; and the third an Island so call'd in the *Ægean* Sea; though with all his Learning He does not venture to determine, which of the three our Author meant. The Scholiast espouses that in *Peloponnesus*, and not without Reason, if *Neptune* (as He says) was worship'd there. He adds ingeniously enough, that *Neptune* fetch'd this Compass; partly by way of Feint to make *Jove* imagine, He had withdrawn far enough from the Field of Action; and consequently had no Thoughts of disturbing his Measures, which then inclined on the Side of *Troy*: and partly because his Armour was lay'd up here in his own magnificent Palace, which the Poet places at the Bottom of the unruffled Lake or Pool, a Term by which He means the Sea itself; whether for the Reason *Eustathius* gives, that the Sea does not flow like Rivers; or, as I suspect, because the lower Parts of the Sea (in our Author's Judgment) remain undisturb'd when the Surface is thrown into great Agitation by Winds and Storms.



In honour of their King.† — With Joy the Sea  
 Dividing left a spacious Vale between;  
 Thro' which his high-neck'd Courfers flew; nor dar'd,  
 While that smooth Surface by the Wheels was skim'd,  
 One Drop their Axle stain: — for Him the Steeds  
 With swift Dispatch for *Grecia's* Navy-bore.  
 Low in th' unruffled Deep a Cave there stands  
 Of amplest Breadth, 'twixt *Tenedos* fair Isle  
 Due Distance, and the rocky *Imbrian* Coast:  
 'Twas here the God his panting Pair unloos'd;  
 With his own Hands th' ambrosial Food supplies:  
 Then round their Feet his golden Chains He cast  
 Indissolubly strong; that well secur'd  
 Here might they rest, and wait their Lord's Return:  
 Who for th' *Achaian* Camp now march'd; while *Troy*  
 (Great *Hector* in her Van) with deafning Shouts  
 And Roar swept onward; swept like Flames of Fire,  
 Or Hurricanes wild; and in big Hope  
 Had swallow'd the *Greek* Fleet, and *Name*, enwrapt  
 In one promiscuous Ruin on her Shore.  
 — But He, dread Pow'r! whose awful Trident shakes

† With Joy the Sea] Most judicious was that Remark which *Longinus* made in his Treatise of the Sublime; who after having observ'd, that *Homer* frequently miscarries in describing both the natural and moral Powers of his Gods, adds, "How much better has He succeeded in those Places, where He portrays the Deity in its proper Greatness, as unmix'd and pure, [i. e. clear of all Imperfection] as in that Passage which has employ'd many a Pen before mine — And then, as valuing the true Sublimity, wherever He found it, He says of *Moses*, "Thus the Jewish Lawgiver, i. e. no vulgar or common Man, both conceiv'd aright of the divine Power, and express'd Himself accordingly, when in the Preface to his Laws He introduces God as saying, "Let there be Light; and there was Light." *Longin.* Ed. *London.* § 9. p. 30.

Earth's yielding Frame, in Aid of *Greece* uprose  
 From his own Seats profound ; and in the Form  
 Of sacred *Calchas* animates her Sons ;  
 Nor in loud Voice of unabating Strength  
 That Sage unlike, accosts th' *Ajaces* twain, 55  
 Tho' prompt before, thus prompter made for Fight.

“ Keep firm on *this* important Pass your Stand,  
 Ye Warriors ; and all *Greece*, I trust, is sav'd ;  
 Sav'd by your native Worth to Mind recall'd ;  
 Not by inglorious and Heart-chilling Flight. 60  
 Elsewhere I reckon not the proud Tyde of *Troy*,  
 Surmounting our high Wall : That Way with Ease  
 Shall *Grecia's* Arms her utmost Shock sustain.

— But *here* frowns Danger (to confess my Fears)  
 In blackest Hue ; where madding with Success 65  
 Bold *Hector* bends his fiery Course ; and vaunts  
 (Not He with mortal Parentage content)  
 Dread-thundering *Jove* his Sire. Yet O brave Pair —  
 O, were some God your gen'rous Zeal t' inflame,  
 By joint *Example* and joint *Speech* to raise 70  
 Our just Defence ; how soon must He resign  
 All Hopes of this fair Fleet ; tho' *Jove* Himself  
 Shou'd rouse his Ardor, and impell the Fight ?  
 He say'd ; and gently <sup>s</sup> with his *Staff* uprais'd

<sup>s</sup> — with his *Staff* uprais'd] Not his Scepter, which neither *Calchas* (whom the God here personates) nor any other Chieftain bore in common ; but his *Staff*, as *Hesychius* and *H. Stephanus* after him have well explain'd the Word. And so *Dr. Clarke* has render'd it, *Book 24. lin. 247. Scipione persequens* — and indeed considering the Effect of the Stroke ; the humbler the Instrument, so much the better : The Contrast by this Means is encreas'd, and our Surprise becomes the greater.

Struck either Chief; and with that Stroke infus'd 75  
 Force insuppressive in each Heart: their Hands  
 Made light for Combate; and as light their Feet  
 With swift Career to urge retreating Foes.  
 As from a *goat-forsaken* Cliff \* *up-sprung*  
 (His airy Lodge) swift shoots the Faulcon's Wing 80  
 On the full Stretch, across the Plain to chace  
 His yet far-distant Prey: with Speed divine  
 So left them the great *Pow'r*; not unremark'd  
 By lesser *Ajax*, (He for active Force  
 Of Feet far-fam'd) who thus his Hero-Mate 85  
*First* conscious of th' inspiring God, address'd.

\* — *up-sprung*] In the Original *αἰθρῆς*, a Term expressive of the *first* Effort of the Bird; and this by an *upward* Motion: A Circumstance which ought the rather to be *retain'd*, as 'tis not impossible the God on his Departure might thus *raise* Himself a little from the Earth, and by so doing the more effectually secure (what He now intended) the *discovering* Himself to the two Chieftains without changing his Form; i. e. not merely by the *Swiftness*, but *Manner* of his Motion, or as *Virgil* express'd it,

*Et vera Incessu patuit Dea —*

And our *Milton* after Him,

*The Cherubim descended, on the Ground  
 Gliding meteorous —*

*Parad. Lost. Book 12. lin. 628.*

Upon the whole, if *Longinus* was so much charm'd with this Epifode, where one or two Elements are made to confess a *present* Deity; what must He have judg'd of that Description, in which the whole System of Nature is alike affected? Was the LORD displeased against the Rivers? — Was thy Wrath against the Sea, that Thou didst ride upon thy Horses, and thy Chariots of Salvation? — The Mountains saw Thee, and they trembled — the Deep utter'd his Voice and lift up his Hands on high — the Sun and Moon stood still in their Habitation — At the Light of thine Arrows they went (i. e. the People for whom this Deliverance was wrought) and at the shining of thy glittering Spear. *Habac. cap. 3. ver. 8—11.* And as it now falls in my Way, I'll beg Leave to observe once for all, that no Comparifon can be fairly drawn, if meant to *Homer's* Disadvantage, between Him and any of his *Copyists*. For what Proportion in point of Fame between that Genius, whose rich and unexhausted Fund of Invention furnish'd the main Body of a Description, and the Address of some after-Writer, who adds a few artificial Touches to it. If any thing bids fair for a Competition with the *Father-Poet*, it must be something taken from an *Original*, and independent Author like Himself. Of which Kind are those truly sublime Representations of Deity, which appear not only (as *Longinus* observ'd) in *Moses*; but in all the prophetic Writings.



## Juno borrowing the Cestus of Venus.

Iliad, Book XIV. Lin. 211. POPE's Version, Lin. 243.

“WHO can disdain *Saturnia's* Suit? (reply'd  
 ‘The Goddess of sweet Smiles;) *Saturnia's* Love,  
 And Beauty blest the heav’nly Monarch’s Bed.  
 So say’d; the rich embroider’d Zone divine  
 (All-vary’d, and with each attractive Charm  
 Well-stor’d) kind *Venus* from her Chest unloos’d.  
 There on the golden Tissue was inwrought  
 With matchless Skill soft amorous *Love*: there shone  
 (But in more vivid Hue) high-rais’d *Desire*.  
 Sweet *Converse* there; and with persuasive Pow’r  
 Bland *Eloquence*, which <sup>2</sup> steals away the Hearts  
 And Wisdom of the Wise. This in her Hands  
 Lodg’d *Cytherea*; then with fair Address,  
 “Take *this*, She cry’d. *This* <sup>4</sup> in thy Bosom hid  
 Shall to the full its wond’rous Force display;  
 And work the utmost of thy Soul’s Desire.

<sup>1</sup> *The Goddess of sweet Smiles*] In the Original *φειλομμευιδης*, i. e. not the Laughter-loving Dame (as Mr. Waller and our Poets after Him have render’d it;) but the Dame or Goddess, who delights in *Smiles*. The former, I shou’d think, gives us no very favourable Idea of the Goddess of Beauty. But what our Author judg’d of the latter, appears from many a Stroke in his Writings.

<sup>2</sup> — *which steals away the Hearts*] Such was the so much celebrated *Cestus* or Girdle of *Venus* in *Homer's* Days. He has thrown in but *three* (or at most *four*) Ingredients into its Composition. What *Improvements* have been since made upon it, are without my Sphere; who profess myself to be his Translator, and write for those who can be contented with *HOMER*.

<sup>3</sup> — *with fair Address*] *HOMER's Venus* does more than present the Gift: There is a certain soft and courteous *Manner* in which ’tis done. Our Poet, if I’m not mistaken, generally implies as much, by his Use of that Phrase, *εἰς τὸ σπῆναι ἐν τῷ σωματι*.

<sup>4</sup> *In thy Bosom hid*] Why so? What if We shou’d say to preclude *Suspicion*, by concealing the Snare from the Sight of *Jupiter*; on whom it was to operate in another Way, and by luring Him into *Juno's* Arms, give *Neptune* the fairer Scope in prosecuting his Design of assisting the *Greeks*?

Seiz'd of so great a Prize *Saturnia* smil'd;  
And smiling couch'd the *Charm* within her Breast.

*The Interview between Jupiter and Juno on Mount Ida.*

*Iliad*, Book XIV. *Lin.* 341. POPE's Version, *Lin.* 387.

TO Her the Cloud-compelling *Jove* replies.

“Dismiss these Fears: So thick a Skreen deep-dy'd  
With ambient Gold, around Thee I will cast:  
What may suffice to intercept each Eye  
Divine or human. Not bright *Sol* Himself,  
Tho' most sharp-fighted He, shall dart one Beam  
Within that Veil divine. — So spake the Pow'r,  
*Saturnian* Breed, on Love's Disport all-bent;  
And in his Arms the glowing Goddess seiz'd.

5

Mean while the genial Earth beneath them rais'd  
Obsequious each fair Plant of fragrant Smell,  
And tend'rest Stalk: upsprung the *Lotos* fresh,  
Glitt'ring with Dew; *Crocus*, and *Hyacinth*  
(Which from the Ground rear'd high its curling Head  
Thick-set and soft) to form their downy Couch  
Damask'd with Flowers. A golden Cloud around  
Her radiant Mantle spreads; and from above  
Ambrosial Dews in balmy Drops distill'd.

10

15

<sup>1</sup> So rests the *Sire*, by Love and Sleep subdu'd,

<sup>1</sup> So rests the *Sire*] HOMER's *Jupiter* was the Son of the *Cretan Saturn* and *Rhea*; [See *Newton's Chronology*, p. 151] and considering the Manner of his Production, no Wonder, if

On *Gargarus*' high Top, compleatly sunk  
In still Repose ; and with fond Arm enfolds  
The Partner of his Bliss. That Vantage seen,  
Swift steers for *Grecia*'s Camp (then fore distress'd)  
Sleep's gentle Pow'r ; and thus by *Neptune*'s Side,  
News, not ungrateful to his Ear, convey'd.

20

25

“ Now, *Neptune*, to thy Heart's Content inforce  
Th' *Achaian* Cause ; this Hour at least ; while *Jove*  
In my safe Spell, and *Juno*'s soft Embrace  
(Trust Me, no Cares of State molest Him there)  
Lur'd by her bland persuasive Speech, reclines.

30

\* *The Fall of Hector by the Stone of Ajax.*

*Iliad*, Book XIV. Line 402. POPE'S Version, Lin. 465.

AT *Ajax* (for ' in Combate turn'd, He fac'd  
Full in the Front his Arms) first *Hector* hurl'd

the First Book, that He had his *stated* Couch, on which He repos'd,

— οτι μιν γλυκος υπησ ικανος —

And here We find him oblig'd to cast a golden Skreen around Himself, to conceal his *Weakness* both from the Eyes of Gods and Men. And accordingly our Poet has most judiciously *characteris'd* Him by that very Circumstance of Parentage here ; He is no longer the *Zeus υιος*, *μυτις*, no longer the *high-thundering Jove*, when lur'd by this Deception into *Juno*'s Arms. But

— μαχητις Κρονου παϊς ην παρακοιτιν —

And when describing his ensuing Sleep, He adds,

*So rests the Sire, by Love and Sleep subdu'd* —

\* *The Fall of Hector*] What *Milton* judg'd of this noble Episode, appears from his masterly *Imitation* of it, in the Account He gives of Satan's Rescue from the Sword of *Michael*. *Paradise Lost*, Book 6. lin. 395. To what has been already observ'd upon *Homer*'s Descriptions, p. 11. Note 1. and p. 32. Note 2. I wou'd here add, that not only our Author's *Ideas* should remain inviolate ; but also the *Order* in which they lye : for if *this* shou'd be *disturb'd*, down goes all that agreeable *Suspence*, in which He keeps us in *every Part* of the Engagement ; with all that Agitation and Hurry into which both *Greeks* and *Trojans* are thrown at the Sight of *Hector*'s Fall. — Thus the whole *Life* and *Spirit* of the Description is lost ; and the *English* Reader will be tempted to ask, “ How comes it that a Writer, who has been the Wonder of Ages, should affect Him no more ?

— in Combate turn'd] *Neptune* having now openly headed the *Greeks*, We might of Course



His vigorous Lance; nor fail'd the *Dardan* Aim.  
 Where the <sup>2</sup> two Baldricks cross before (the one  
 The *Shield's* Support, and one the *Fauehion's* Stay) 5  
 There fell the Blow: But that joint Fence secur'd  
 The *Grecian's* Chest. Then *Hector* chaf'd to find,  
 His Weapon, tho' right well dismiss'd, had wing'd  
 Her Flight in vain; and to elude his Fate,  
 Back to his Files with cautious Step withdrew. 10  
 Him thus retreating, with a Stone up-heav'd  
 (Such, as suffic'd <sup>3</sup> to prop the Ships, and lay  
 In Plenty by the Warriors' Feet loose-roll'd)  
<sup>4</sup> Smote on the Breast, above the Buckler's Brim,  
 Near by the Neck, great *Ajax'* thundering Arm: 15  
 And with such Sway; that, <sup>5</sup> like a twirling Sphere  
 Swift-turn'd, He drove Him; and sheer round the Chief

<sup>2</sup> — two Baldricks cross before] i. e. upon the Breast. We find in *Book 12. lin. 401.* one of these Belts or Baldricks (with the Aid of *Jupiter*) sav'd *Sarpedon's* Life, when endanger'd from *Teucer's* Bow. What therefore may We not expect from both combin'd?

<sup>3</sup> — to prop the Ships] See Note, p. 34. In the Original *ιχματα των*, which *Hesychius* and *Eustathius* explain by the Words *ιρισμα* and *υπερισμα*, i. e. an Underprop.

<sup>4</sup> Smote on the Breast] Not full on the Breast and Throat (of which more hereafter) but simply *επ' αυτην βεβληκει*, i. e. upon the Breast; and *αρχοδι δευρης*, i. e. near the Neck; and when the Poet adds, above the *Buckler*, it shou'd seem the Stroke inclin'd somewhat to the left.

<sup>5</sup> — like a twirling Sphere] Both the Greek *Scholiast* and *Epigrammatist* understood this Rotation, of *Hector's* Body. The former says, *διηκεν εν εμελεια ποιησεν αυτον γερφισθαι, σφοδρωις πολλας*, i. e. having struck Him with great Violence, He made Him to turn like a Top. And the other's Judgment is sufficiently seen in that Line,

Πως τον περιμενεν εξακυλισσα πιδω.

I'm inclin'd to be of the same Opinion with these Writers for more Reasons than one; first, from the Construction itself, *He struck Him* (says the Poet) *on the Breast*; and *having struck, He drove* — What? or Whom? surely the *Person* struck; as being the immediate, or rather only Antecedent here imply'd: Not to add, that it were flat indeed to say of the Stone, after the Stroke, *ωσπερ δ' εδραμε παντη*, i. e. it ran sheer round; for that expresses but one single Rotation; too trivial a Circumstance to be taken Notice of here. *Eustathius* tho' admitting both Senses, inclines to the Stone; but for a Reason which shou'd rather make against Him: "For how, says He, cou'd so strong a Man as *Hector* be turn'd round by the Blow? I answer, The Blow not being given full on the Breast, the compound Motion arising partly from the impressed Force of the Stone, and partly from *Hector's* prodigious Strength and Effort to elude the Fall, wou'd

From that dire Shock in wild *Rotation* flew.  
 As when by *Jove's* resistless Bolt upturn  
 ' From its firm Base, down drops the Oak, and spreads 20  
 A Ruin, awful to the Sight! involv'd  
 In sulphurous Stench and Fume: so here o'er-whelm'd,  
 Straight fell the Force of *Hector* in the Dust:  
 Straight his slack Hand forgoes the Spear; and o'er  
 His prostrate Bulk the sinking Shield reclines, 25  
 And loosen'd Helm: All round to that dread Fall  
 Re-ecchoing his whole martial Suit resounds.  
 Swift flew with Shouts th' exulting Sons of *Greece*  
 High-flush'd, in Hope to seize Him; and thick Show'rs  
 Of Darts before them, to prepare their Way, 30  
 Sent on Dispatch: but not one Cast cou'd reach  
 That *Shepherd* of the Tribes: so swift in Aid  
 Ran many a Warrior bold, the Prime of *Troy*,  
 And *Troy's* Allies; *Polydamas* in Chief;  
 In Chief *Aeneas*, and *Agenor's* Fire; 35  
 Brave *Glaucus*, and the great *Sarpedon's* Zeal,  
*Lycia's* supreme (that most *important* Life  
 Who cou'd neglect?) which interpos'd Defence

be of the circular Kind. Query, How far our Author Himself has determin'd the Sense of this Phraseology by that Line?

Ολκον δ' ως ισσινυ κυλινδεσθαι δι' ομιλιν. *Book XI. lin. 147.*

And which *Virgil* seems to have had in View,

Provolvens ——— *truncumque tepentem*

*Aeneid. Lib. 10. lin. 555.*

' From its firm Base] In the Original προρριζος. *Hesychius* explains it, συν ταῖς ριζαῖς ἀνασπιν-  
 ματον, i. e. torn up together with its Roots: But from the Roots, is sufficient for *Homer*. See  
*Book XI. lin. 137.*

With their broad Shields : whilest *others* bore Him off  
 Back to his Steeds and Chariot ; where it stood 40  
 Behind the Files of War —

\* *Hector's Attack on the Grecian Fleet.*

*Iliad*, Book XV. *Lin.* 605. POPE's Version, *Lin.* 726.

**H**E rag'd like *Mars* in all his dread Array,  
 And brandishing his Spear : Like Fire He rag'd  
 Wide-wasting the high Mountain-tops among  
 Their thickest Shades ; while the hot Blood, which boil'd  
 In his swell'd Veins, with swift Secretion threw 5  
 Foam on his Lips : Beneath those Brows severe  
 Thick Flames his Eye-balls flash'd ; the nodding Helm  
 Around his Temples, as the Heroe mov'd,  
 Shed Terror from its Plumes — so fought the Chief ;  
 While *Jove* Himself was present in mid Air ; 10  
 And fill'd with more than mortal Force his Breast :  
 That He whole Crowds of circling Foes defy'd  
 Tho' single : — *this* in Honour of one Head,  
 Conscious of Fate th' indulgent God bestow'd ;  
 To crown with Fame the short-liv'd Heroe's Span. 15  
 Since now (ev'n now) did *Pallas*' Arts prepare  
 His destin'd Fall beneath *Pelides*' Spear.

\* *Hector's Attack*] Our Poet having with *Apollo's* Aid recover'd *Hector* from his late Blow, and driven the *Greeks* once more to their Ships, is so fired (as *Longinus* remarks) with his Subject, that He becomes the very Thing which He describes,

*He rag'd like Mars in all his dread Array,  
 And brandishing his Spear —*



Oft He assay'd the hostile Ranks to pierce;  
 Nor on each *trivial* Crest his Rage mispends:  
 But in the great Pursuit of Glory flew, 20  
 Where *Numbers* wedg'd, and *brightest* Armour flam'd.  
 Yet unsubstu'd, the Grecian *Phalanx* stood,  
 ' *Tower-form*, compact in mighty Quadrate join'd,  
 To his best Strength oppos'd; like some proud Cliff  
 Hard by the Sea; whose broad outjutting Sides 25  
 Wait unappall'd the joint Assault of Blasts  
 Pour'd from above, and *bellowing* Waves below.  
 But He all-sheath'd in radiant Fire, charg'd home  
 Their densest Files: As from black Clouds dismiss'd  
 Some Mountain-Billow on the nimble Bark 30  
 O'ershadowing falls impetuous; the whole Deck  
 From Poop to Prow, beneath that dread Career,

<sup>1</sup> *Tower-form*] Towers are either round or square: and Eustathius assures us, that the military Arrangement so call'd by the Greeks was of the latter Sort — *αὐχένος διατάξις σφαιρωμένη*. Eustath.

<sup>2</sup> *As from black Clouds*] Longinus having observ'd that one Source of the true Sublime consists in selecting out of the several Parts or Circumstances belonging to a Subject those which are the most eminent and striking; and then to digest them into a *complete* Body; produces this Piece of Painting as one Instance out of many. Excellent indeed! but which, I think, is surpass'd by two of much the same Kind in the *Odyssey*, viz. *Neptune's Storm*, and the Whirlpool of *Charybdis*; which last I was the more willing to insert, were it only to shew, that our Author's Descriptive Powers never forsook Him.

Dread Pass! Here Scylla — there in Site oppos'd  
 Charybdis, with wide opening Gulph absorb'd  
 The swift-descending Brine, tremendous Fall.  
 But when (like some vast Cauldron urg'd by Flames)  
 Disgorging her full Draught; straight all-confus'd  
 (With many a rapid Whirl, Water and Mire  
 Here mixt, and with hoarse bellowing Noise upthrown)  
 Assaults She the mid Air; and either Cliff's  
 Whole Summit with wide-scatter'd Foam besmears.  
 But when afresh engulphing the salt Wave;  
 Then all within (dire Change of Scene!) in Whirls  
 Once more embroil'd, she open'd to our View  
 Her dark Retreats; brown Sand, and Earth itself

Lies smother'd with thick Foam: Nor less the Rage  
Of the rough Boreas, combating the Shrouds,  
Against their Main-Mast roars: chill Fear convuls'd  
Shakes every Heart; as from within the Jaws  
Of ruthless Death still hovering o'er his Prey,  
Slight Distance they are borne —

*Rebellowing to her Roar. — Pale Fear aghast  
Sat on each Cheek, and every Eye was turn'd  
To where joint Ruin each chill'd Heart presag'd.*

*Odys. Book XII. lin. 235. POPE's Version, lin. 280.*

I wou'd not be over-fond of drawing a Comparison between two such Master-Poets, as HOMER and VIRGIL; but I believe, on inspecting both, We shall find something far more full and striking in the Greek; tho' the Roman has swell'd his Style with a Witness, by his

*— rursusque sub auras  
Erigit alternos, & Sidera verberat Undâ. Æneid. Lib. 3. lin. 422.*

HOMER contents Himself with only bespattering the Tops of the Rocks with the Foam; but in the Augustan Poet (if Dryden's Translation has done Him Justice)

*— with Fury driv'n  
The Waves mount up, and wash the Face of Heav'n. DRYDEN.*

And now having brought our gallant Trojan to his Acme of Glory, I had intended to introduce a greater Heroe into the Field, with the ensuing Defeat of Troy, Hector's Soliloquy at the Scæan Gates, and that most affecting Scene, in which his Corse is beheld from off the Walls, when drag'd by the Victor's Steeds: But I found too many Episodes here crowd upon Me, to fall within the Compass of the present Design. Let the Fortune of this Essay be first try'd, in which I've ventur'd to set before the Public, what I may call a few select Pieces taken from no less a Hand than HOMER's, and which lye in the following Order:

|                                                                |         |                                                     |       |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|---------|-----------------------------------------------------|-------|
| The Pestilence                                                 | Page 1  | The Retreat of Ajax                                 | p. 30 |
| The Speeches of Achilles and Nestor                            | p. 3, 5 | Hector's forcing the Greek Entrenchments            | p. 32 |
| Helen's ascending the Walls of Troy                            | p. 8    | Neptune's rallying the Greeks                       | p. 34 |
| The Engagement between Paris and Menelaus                      | p. 11   | The Cestus of Venus                                 | p. 39 |
| The Commencement of the Fight                                  | p. 15   | The Interview between Jupiter and Juno on Mount Ida | p. 40 |
| The Interview between Hector and Andromache at the Scæan Gates | p. 17   | The Fall of Hector by the Stone of Ajax             | p. 41 |
|                                                                |         | Hector's Attack upon the Grecian Fleet              | p. 44 |

And (by way of Note) the Straights of Scylla and Charybdis, p. 45.

## F I N I S.

11:7:49

## E R R A T A.

Page 2. Note, read *Intempestivis*. p. 3. lin. 7, 8. r. Thy dastard Soul finds Death In Danger, p. 5.  
Note. a. *Epitaph* was *epitaph* — p. 6. l. 1. blot out Semicolon. p. 28. l. 3. r. flies; p. 40. l. 3. r.